Weekly Courier.

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JASPER, ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ INDIANA.

WHY LISTEN?

Why listen to a tale of shame
That tarnishes another's name?
Why lend an ear to those who bring
Their slanders, which like vipers sting?
For calumny would surely die,
Forever hid from human eye,
If none by listening would consent
To slanderous tales, on mischief bent.

It may be some one missed the way,
Who never meant to go astray,
Whose anxious heart still seeks for light,
To guide it in the paths of right.
Or else perchance, these tales of wrong
Assail a life both pure and strong;
Touching it with a withering blight,
More deadly than a serpent's bite.

Since from vile seeds vile harvests grow,
And we must gather what we sow;
Since the partaker, and the thief,
Must share alike in guilt and grief,
When slander, like a venomed dart,
Would pierce its victim to the heart,
The listener is as much to blame,
As he who tells the tale of shame.
—R. H. Shaffoe, in Baptist Union.

Father Harlan's Notions.

By Mary Morrison.

"YES, I'm goin'. I've made up my mind." Father Harlan looked up into his daughter-in-law's face obstinately. "You'll have to hire somebody to weed out the beets and the pa'snips. It'll cost you a little something." A shade of subtlety blended in with the obstinacy.

"I ain't seen Abby in 20 years," he went on. "She is a good cook and a good housekeeper. Abby always made a new rag carpet for the sitting room every other year; she never let nothing go to waste." He looked critically over his spectacles at the rag carpet on the floor. It was one Nancy had made. He had always made it a personal grievance that John's wife did not feel equal to rag carpets.

Sarah Harlan sighed. When Father Harlan made up his mind it was just as well to acquiesce peaceably, but her heart misgave her when she thought of the long wait in Milwaukee after the boat got in, and the change of cars in Duluth, and Father Harlan had never been 50 miles out of Dumfries in his life.

"It was high time he had, then," he told her. "Nice thing for you to think of after I'm gone and you and John is enjoyin' the fruits of my labor—to think you've kept me cooped up here year after year a-purpose to tend the garden and milk the cows and do chores when I might have gone out and seen a little of the world. I shouldn't wonder if I made up my mind to stay to Abby's. She makes good tea—not dishwater," he added, belligerantly, when she ventured to voice her fears.

After that she made no objections; but she did not allow Father Harlan's criticisms to disturb her peace of mind. She went on frying the potatoes for supper and brewing the tea, which the doctor had cautioned Father Harlan against using strong. She and John liked strong tea, too, but they had been willing to forego their preferences in view of the doctor's advice. Father Harlan was past 60. It was a pleasure to care for him, yet she wished sometimes that he could realize this better. That night when John came home, she went out to the barn where he was taking care of the team.

"Father has made up his mind to go and see his sister Abby in Wisconsin at last, John," she said.

"After all we urged him three years ago, he's just took a notion to go, eh? And he said he wouldn't stay away over night for the whole state of Wisconsin. That's just like father."

"Well, he seems to be real set about it now. I wouldn't say anything to discourage him, if I was you. He will think we begrudge him the time or the money or something. Father seems sort of childish lately."

"No, we won't discourage him now he's got in the notion of it. He might have gone long ago if he had only thought so. I'm afraid he'll feel a little strange when he really gets started, though."

The anxious lines on Sarah's face deepened perceptibly at this remark. "You don't suppose there is really any danger of his getting lost, or anything?" she asked.

John laughed. "Father get lost! I couldn't imagine such a thing," he said.

"Well, I'll write to Aunt Abby to-morrow, so she will come to meet him. Perhaps she will get as far as Duluth." But she did not write, for Father Harlan insisted upon starting the next day.

"No use in dilly-dallying, now I've made up my mind," he told her. "Might get off the notion, I s'pose you think, if I waited a few days," and Sarah put up the pen with an injured look. "Abby'll see me when I get there, and if she don't know me, I'll tell her who I be. I guess I shan't need no credentials along to identify me."

Nevertheless Sarah surreptitiously tucked a card in the breast pocket of his black broadcloth coat with his name and address on it, when she brushed it and pressed it. "They'll know where to send him if anything does happen," she thought.

His "notion" lasted until he had said good-by to John and Sarah and stepped on board the cars at the station. He sat down by the window and watched them until the horses and climb into the lumber wagon. They drove away waving their hands to him in farewell. "Good-by, father" they called again.

Somehow he had almost forgotten the meaning of good-by. Once he had realized it years ago, when he said good-by to Nancy just before they fastened down the lid of the coffin. Since then there had been no occasion for farewells. John had never been gone any length of time. He had married shortly after his mother died, and brought his wife and settled down on the old homestead. Life had drifted along comfortably for them all. Now he felt the significance of the waving hands as he saw them fade away in the distance and familiar things give place to strange surroundings.

He looked out of the windows at the swiftly passing fields. "John Winchell's wheat; pretty badly winterkilled. Couldn't count on more than half a crop," he decided. "Sam Green's corn was beginning to roll some. Hadn't kept the cultivator going or it would stand the hot weather better. Sam was a little slack; and Jerry Sloan's apple orchard needed trimming scandalous. He wouldn't have a bushel of marketable apples in the lot."

And presently he lost his bearings in strange lands; field and forest and marshy places passed swiftly by, upon which he had never looked, and he turned his gaze inside to meet strange faces. It gave him a queer feeling. He had never passed beyond the reach of familiar faces but a few times in his life. It was more comforting to lean back and close his eyes to his strange surroundings and follow John and Sarah. They must be nearly home now, and Curly would come down the road to meet them and bark distractingly, and old Doll would lay her ears back and pretend to leer at him. John would help Sarah out and drive around to the barn; then he would unhitch and pump a trough full of freshwater. He could hear the old pump creak and the plash of the cool water. It made him thirsty and he got up and walked unsteadily down the aisle to the water tank and drew a cupful, but it was warm and brackish. "River water," he decided disgustingly.

It was dark when he went on board the boat. His eyes were tired already with strange sights and he went directly to bed. The sun was shining on the city of Milwaukee when he got up. He had not slept any; he had only "dozen off" once or twice when the horrible clanking and clanging had eased up a bit, but he had not heard anything of the rain storm which swept the lake.

Here it was still worse. He had not imagined there were so many different kinds of noises in the world; steamboat whistles, the shriek of escaping steam and the clangor of machinery, the ringing of bells and the roar and thud of trampling feet. He felt dizzy and faint. He always lay down on the sitting room lounge when he felt like that, and Sarah drew the curtains and brought him a cup of green tea. He had not seen a bit of decent tea since he left home.

He walked uneasily about the waiting room. There was no one to whom he might talk but the policeman, and the crowded city streets oppressed him. He watched the rushing tide of people which ebbed and flowed continually. For once in his life Father Harlan felt cowed. Once he ventured to ask a small boy how far it was to the street car station, and he had been advised to "hike down to the corner." He regarded his informer suspiciously for a few minutes and then went back into the depot.

At one o'clock he bought a ticket for Duluth and presently found himself speeding across country again.

He rested his head on the back of the seat and his white hairs straggled over the velvet edge. It was an uncomfortable position, but he must have dozed off, for he awoke with a start. The train was standing still in a piece of woods and people were leaving the car excitedly. He got up and followed them. He found a washout and an undermined bridge just ahead of the engine, which had been flagged by the section men. He went out on the bank of the turbid stream, which last night's storm had set seething and fuming, and looked down upon it. Probably he had just escaped an awful death. He had read accounts of terrible railroad accidents in the Dumfries Bulletin, but he had never expected to come so near one as this.

He went back to his seat in the car presently. There would be a long night of waiting before a train could come to meet them on the other side, the conductor said. It was the longest night Father Harlan could remember in years. They ran back to the last station, a little hamlet which consisted of a sawmill and a boarding-house, and sidetracked, but there were no accommodations for travelers beyond a little food, and fretful children cried from weariness and heat, and swarms of ravening mosquitos which came in through the car windows, and tired mothers sleepily brushed them away and strove to soothe the little ones into slumber.

The men wandered up and down the platform and smoked, but Father Harlan sat bolt upright in his seat. He did not even try to doze. The only concession he made to the discomforts of the occasion was to remove his coat and hang it over the back of his seat. There was no need to swelter. From the inside breast pocket he could see the edge of a white card. He took it out curiously and put on his glasses. There was some writing on it; Sarah's writing, he decided. He read it carefully: "Jotham Harlan, Dumfries, Mich. In case of accident send to his children, John and Sarah Harlan, Dumfries."

It gave him a start. "In case of accident." Sarah had been anxious about him then. She had meant to come to him, she and John, if anything happened. He took off his glasses and wiped them tremulously, then he put them on and read the card again. It seemed like a message from home reaching out to him through all the strangeness and discomfort.

The sun was just coming up next morning when the train backed onto the main track and moved on to meet the train waiting for them on the other side. When he reached the river he followed the people uncertainly, down to the rude plank walk temporarily thrown out over the timbers, but he did not attempt to cross. A brakeman offered to assist him out, but he shook his head.

"Goin' back to Milwaukee, ain't ye?" he asked.

"Yes; start in about five minutes," the brakeman told him.

"Any boat goin' out to Grand Haven to-night?"

"Yes, the boat leaves at 11 o'clock. Going back with us?"

The old man nodded. "Yes, I've took a notion to," he said.

When the last passenger had crossed Father Harlan walked briskly back and took his seat again. He felt better. The empty car was a relief, and he sat erect and looked about him with interest. He even got up and examined the ax hung up at the end of the car. "Ain't sharp enough to do no damage," he decided passing his thumb critically along the edge.

Milwaukee almost looked familiar as he got off the train, and he walked down to the landing with quite a feeling of confidence. He had his passage paid on the Robert Harmon to Grand Haven.

It was noon next day when he got into Dumfries. The first man he saw when he stepped on the platform was old Sam Higgins, who seemed surprised at the cordial way in which Father Harlan shook hands with him.

"Been away?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, been away visitin'. It's terrible wearin'," he added.

There was no one in the house when he got home. It was a hot day, but the sitting room was cool and quiet. Not even a fly disturbed the restful stillness, and he sat down in the big rocking chair with a sigh of relief, and wiped his face on his handkerchief. The very stripes in the faded rag carpet were good to see. Even Sarah's geraniums did not seem to look so scrawny as they used to. He got up and stuck his fingers into the dirt. "Gettin' too dry. Good thing I've got back," he said, going for water to sprinkle them.

"Sarah's plants" had always been an eyesore to Father Harlan. She hadn't any "knack" with flowers like Nancy, and he had threatened to throw them outdoors time and again. Now he picked off a few yellowing leaves considerately. "I'll take 'em in hand myself after this," he decided magnanimously.

When John and Sarah came up from the pasture, Father Harlan had on his old clothes and was weeding beets in the hot sun.

"Why, Father Harlan! What under the sun is the matter? "Why, ——," Sarah began, but he cut her interrogatory remarks short.

"I took a notion to come home," he explained briefly.

"Is Aunt Abby well?" venturing one more question.

"She's well, far as I know," he said, then he gave his undivided attention to the task of distinguishing young beets from young red-roots.

John laughed. He was pretty well used to father's "notions."

Sarah had hoped so much from the softening effect of this visit upon Father Harlan. She had hoped he might come to feel that—the tears were very close when she turned to go to the house, but she paused in response to Father Harlan's call.

"Would you mind steepin' me a cup o' tea, Sarah, not too strong?" he asked mildly.

The glow of pleasure that overspread Sarah's face was a revelation to Father Harlan. It was a daughter's pleasure and it crept into his old heart and warmed it into fatherly love at last.

"Of course I will, father," she replied.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Would Not Be Silenced.

Attorneys as a rule are exceedingly quickwitted, and in encounters with witnesses generally get the best of it. Not so with this one, who had an old Scot on the stand, relates the Chicago Chronicle.

In a dispute over the right of way the agent for the landlord who objected to the right was cross-examining a venerable laborer, who had testified that to his own personal knowledge there had been a right of way over the disputed land since he was a boy of five.

"And how old are you now?" asked the lawyer.

"Eighty-five."

"But surely you can't remember things which occurred when you were a boy of five, 80 years ago?" said the lawyer in affected incredulity.

"'Deed an' I can sir. I can mind a year afore that, when your father—auld Skinflint, as we used to call him——"

"That will do. You may go," said the lawyer, reddening furiously as a titter ran round the court.

"——got an' awful wallopin' frae Jean Macintosh——"

"That'll do!" roared the lawyer, wrathfully.

"——for cheatin' her two-'ear-old lassie——"

"Do you hear? Go away, I say!"

"——oot o' the change of a thrupenny bit," concluded the venerable witness, triumphantly, as he slowly left the witness box.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for June 14, 1903—Paul at Rome.

THE LESSON TEXT.
(Acts 28:16-24, 30 and 31.)

16. And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard; but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him.

17. And it came to pass, that after three days Paul called the chief of the Jews together; and when they were come together, he said unto them: Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people, or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans,

18. Who, when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me.

19. But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar; not that I had ought to accuse my nation of.

20. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you; because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain.

21. And they said unto him: We neither received letters out of Judæa concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came shewed or spake any harm of thee.

22. But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against.

23. And when they had appointed a day, there came many to him into his lodging, to whom he expounded and testified the Kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening.

24. And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not.

30. And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came unto him,

31. Preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.—Rom. 1:16.

OUTLINE OF SCRIPTURE SECTION.

Paul on the island.....Acts 28:1-10.
The journey to Rome.....Acts 28:11-16.
Conference with the Jews.....Acts 28:17-22.
Paul's testimony.....Acts 28:23-28.
Paul's stay in Rome.....Acts 28:30-31.

TIME.—A. D. 60-62.
PLACE.—Melita and Rome.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

God's promise to Paul that he should witness for Him in Rome was kept. As our lesson shows, the apostle considered that he was there to witness for Christ more than he was to defend himself. Though a prisoner, he preached the Gospel effectively. He did not allow his bonds to hinder him, but made even them help him (Phil. 1:12, 13). He illustrated the truth of the proverb: "Where there is a will there is a way."

The enforced stay of three months on the island of Melita gave Paul a chance which he could never have had otherwise to preach the Gospel, and his life of humble service for others must have preached quite as much as his words. The word barbarians meant simply people who did not speak Greek.

The first stop was at Syracuse, the capital of Sicily. After leaving Rhegium, the course lay between the famous headland Scylla and the whirlpool Charybdis. Puteoli was the principal port of southern Italy, and situated on the north side of the bay of Naples. As Paul entered the harbor the volcano Vesuvius was in plain sight, and also the beautiful city of Pompeii. The cordial treatment of the traveling Christians by the brethren at Puteoli, whom they had never seen, shows us that Christianity had now become a great brotherhood. It could no longer be called a Jewish sect, but was a "world-conquering religion." The fact that the Roman Christians came the 40 or more miles to the market of Appius to meet Paul, touched him greatly. Though he had kept up the courage of the others, his own heart was troubled, and he longed for human love and sympathy. He knew that he was approaching a life-and-death crisis, and what he had heard from the soldiers of Roman prisons, trials and executions was not reassuring.

"Paul was suffered to abide by himself:" In his own hired house (v. 30), with only the single soldier, to whom he was bound by a pair of handcuffs, one being fastened to his wrist and one to the wrist of the soldier. "Called together . . . the chief of the Jews:" To explain the situation to them. Paul shrank from being considered untrue to his nation and their religion, and tried to show them that he was not. "We desire to hear:" "Paul is a rabbi, evidently enjoying the favor of the Roman authorities, so that the Jewish leaders are ready to hear from him what they had not cared to hear from any of the despised Roman Christians."—Bosworth.

The last picture of Paul given us in the Book of Acts is of the man at work in his prison as earnestly as ever before, teaching all those about him of Jesus, and by his letters strengthening those who were far away. The letters to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon were written from this Roman prison. It is generally believed that Paul was released, spent several years in active missionary work, was again imprisoned, and finally beheaded at Rome, but our history stops just here, and the facts of the rest of his life are very uncertain.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The faithful disciple will testify for Christ, no matter what his circumstances may be.

The faithful disciple will lose no time in testifying for Christ, wherever he may go.

The faithful disciple will study the Scriptures, that he may testify for Christ with authority.

The faithful disciple will continue to testify for Christ, though many reject his witness.

Hardness of heart is not a sign of strength of character.

PRESS-MUZZLING.

Last Resort of the Republican Manipulators Results in Confounding the Brigands.

For nearly half a century the state of Pennsylvania has been ruled by confederated scoundrels in the service of confederated monopolists and in the name of the republican party. Political conditions have grown steadily worse and worse, until the entire country has been shocked by the enormity of the corruption and plunderings of the Quay machine. It became necessary, therefore, to prevent publicity in order to perpetuate the power of the brigands, and hence the Quay majority in the legislature at its last session passed a bill for the protection of corruptionists against criticism and the suppression of truth by means of radical changes in the law of libel.

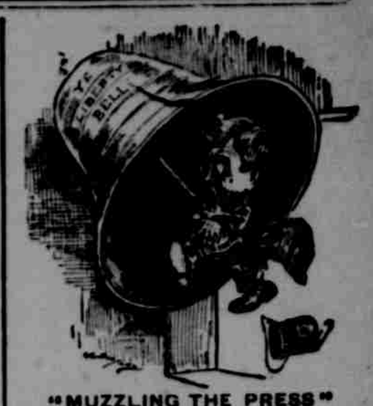
The object of the new libel law, which was signed by Gov. Pennypacker on the 13th of May, is clearly twofold—to terrorize the press and to reward blackmailers and shysters. It creates a new artificial crime by requiring under a penalty the name of the editor and the proprietor of every periodical or newspaper to be conspicuously printed therein. It provides for compensatory damages to any person who may be made the victim of "mental or physical suffering" by reason of any "negligent" publication whether true or false. It thus attempts to abrogate the established law of libel which allows the truth to be given in evidence on the plea of justification; which requires malice to be shown except where falsehood is proven—in which case malice is presumed—and which gives no damages for mental or physical suffering, but only for injury to "reputation," which is treated as property. This remarkable change is the result of that part of the act which gives "punitive damages" to anyone who has been subjected to mental or physical suffering by reason of cartoons, or headlines in large type, or other device calling special attention to any alleged delinquency of public officers. The entire act is a penal statute in disguise and was born of the same principles and aims which gave rise to the sedition law passed by congress in 1798 by the federalists. And not since the great campaign against that orious act, conducted by Jefferson and Madison, has there been a more universal or indignant protest against any act of an American legislature. Even the republican newspapers denounce it as an outrage. Gov. Pennypacker has been excoriated for signing it, and ridiculed for his absurd attempt to justify its enactment. But the governor is no more guilty than the legislature which enacted it. He has done no more than the federal administration has done along the same line. The odious Philippine sedition law, adopted by congress and approved by the president, is indeed far worse than this new Pennsylvania sedition law. Gov. Pennypacker's reasoning in his remarks on the necessity and utility of the act might have been borrowed from the answer of Secretary Root in the mandamus case of Taylor vs. Root, or even from the opinion of the court in that case. The general trend of the official class under the republican regime is indeed better exhibited by Gov. Pennypacker and the Pennsylvania legislature than it is by those newspapers which criticise them. In national politics Charles Emory Smith has shown himself to be precisely what Pennypacker is in state politics. The medieval, monarchical and federalist spirit which dominates the entire republican machine is simply the essence of the new Pennsylvania libel law, as it is of all the federal laws passed by the same machine. It is fortunate for the country that Quay and his cousin, Pennypacker, have given us an object lesson in imperialism which even the Philadelphia press can understand; and it is reasonable now to hope that the entire country may have its eyes opened to the corrupt, domineering, vicious policy of the republican party. It is reasonable, indeed, to hope that in 1904 we may witness such a revulsion of public sentiment against federalism and its methods of suppression and fraud as that which carried a democrat into the presidential office in 1800.

Tariff, Prices and Trusts.

Can the republicans afford to continue their opposition to a revision of the tariff, when it is admitted that the trusts "have played a very considerable part in forcing up prices." If the tariff on trust productions was reduced the trusts would have to lower their prices to prevent similar productions from abroad competing with them. If the tariff was abolished on some trust made articles, that the trusts are selling abroad cheaper than here, to hold the home market the price of such trust productions would have to be made as low as the foreign goods could be imported for. This should not stop home production, but would cut the exorbitant profits now made by the trusts and divide up prosperity a little more evenly so that we might all get a share of it.

——The republican party claims to represent the intelligence of the country, and yet the remonstrance to the administration's Philippine policy contained the names of 57 college presidents and 400 professors, representing the leading colleges of the country.—The Commoner.

——Some of the so-called trusts object to what they consider the rude methods of the courts and legislatures where they are concerned, but it may be noted that when a railroad gets after a telegraph company, it does it with an ax.—N. Y. World.



"MUZZLING THE PRESS"

HANNA'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

The Ohio Boss Is Making a Great Play for Supremacy in Party Affairs.

The political enemies of Marcus A. Hanna, of Ohio, do not propose to permit him to escape the fate they have planned for him by accepting his prophecy that Roosevelt is to be nominated. They are going on the assumption that the wary Marcus is dissembling and they are forcing the fighting. Presently he will come into the open and admit that the welfare of his party may demand another leader than Roosevelt, says the St. Paul Globe.

Hanna is not the man to quit while there is anything left to fight for or with. He makes no bones about his sentiments. While there is some pretense of amity between the white house party and the men who dominated the republican party in the time of McKinley, it is known to be only a pretense. Roosevelt is not the man to forgive those leaders who forced a vice presidential nomination on him with a view to getting rid of him—and the fact that they made his political fortune in doing it is no more calculated to reconcile him than it is to contribute to the political ease of Hanna and Platt. He is making himself a new platform, he is running for a nomination for the presidency and that without regard to the men who furnish the sinews of war for his party. He has taken the position that Hanna and the men who act with him are not absolutely necessary to the success of a presidential candidate of the republican stripe. Mr. Hanna's mission in life is to demonstrate to the president that the political conventions must observed.

The fight will be worth the watching. Hanna has the republican machine—the organized body that works for office and requires much money for its maintenance—at his command. The younger men who have not yet come to appreciate the value of the machine are accepting Roosevelt as a most serious proposition just now. When they come to understand that the purse strings will not be loosened for their man they will get into line. The south does not offer much encouragement actual to the Roosevelt men, for the negroes who are sent to national conventions are sent by the machine—not because of their merits. It will take more than the shoutings of the noisy ones, who think they know and admire the strenuous life, and the independent negro delegates to name the republican standard bearer, and Hanna is still fairly certain that his day will come.

The "swing around the circle" has not settled the republican nomination in favor of Roosevelt. It has not even had the effect of weakening the Hanna following. The man from Ohio is busy in the east and middle west, while the president is looking after the coast. And because he doesn't make a noise it must not be presumed that Senator Hanna is not making a good fight. He knows he is battling for his political life and if they kill him off the Foraker-Roosevelt men will know that they have been in a serious row. In any event, the contention must split the republican party. It would take something like a year more of the fight on Hanna to send that statesman to the country on election day or to repudiating the men who are trying to steal the machine he built.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

——For a man that is rheumatic as to his leg, and is obliged to walk with a cane, Mr. Hanna covers a surprising lot of ground in Ohio politics.—Detroit Free Press.

——And now Mr. Roosevelt says we must dominate the Pacific ocean! But if we do that it will be necessary to control the approaches according to the Mahan school of strategy, and we should have to annex South America, Australia and Asia. Mr. Roosevelt is laying out a strenuous life for the nation, that is liable to induce the use of nerve tonics.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

——That alleged Hanna-Roosevelt feud in Ohio is petering out rather ignominiously. There will be no Hanna opposition to Mr. Roosevelt so long as Hanna has reason to believe that the president is willing to "be good" and let the trusts and the republican national machine have the right of way. Of late the proofs of such willingness have been overwhelming.—St. Louis Republic.

——The St. Louis Republic thinks the democratic opportunity is in the tariff question; that the demand for a lowering of the tariff is wider than party lines, and comes from the people, as a whole, and that the republican attitude is akin to defiance. This sounds like good reasoning, but it will have to be acknowledged that the republican leaders, while in their hearts they see their wrong position on the tariff, hope to bridge over one more presidential compaign with prosperity. Then they may revise the tariff and fool the barons.—Cincinnati Enquirer.